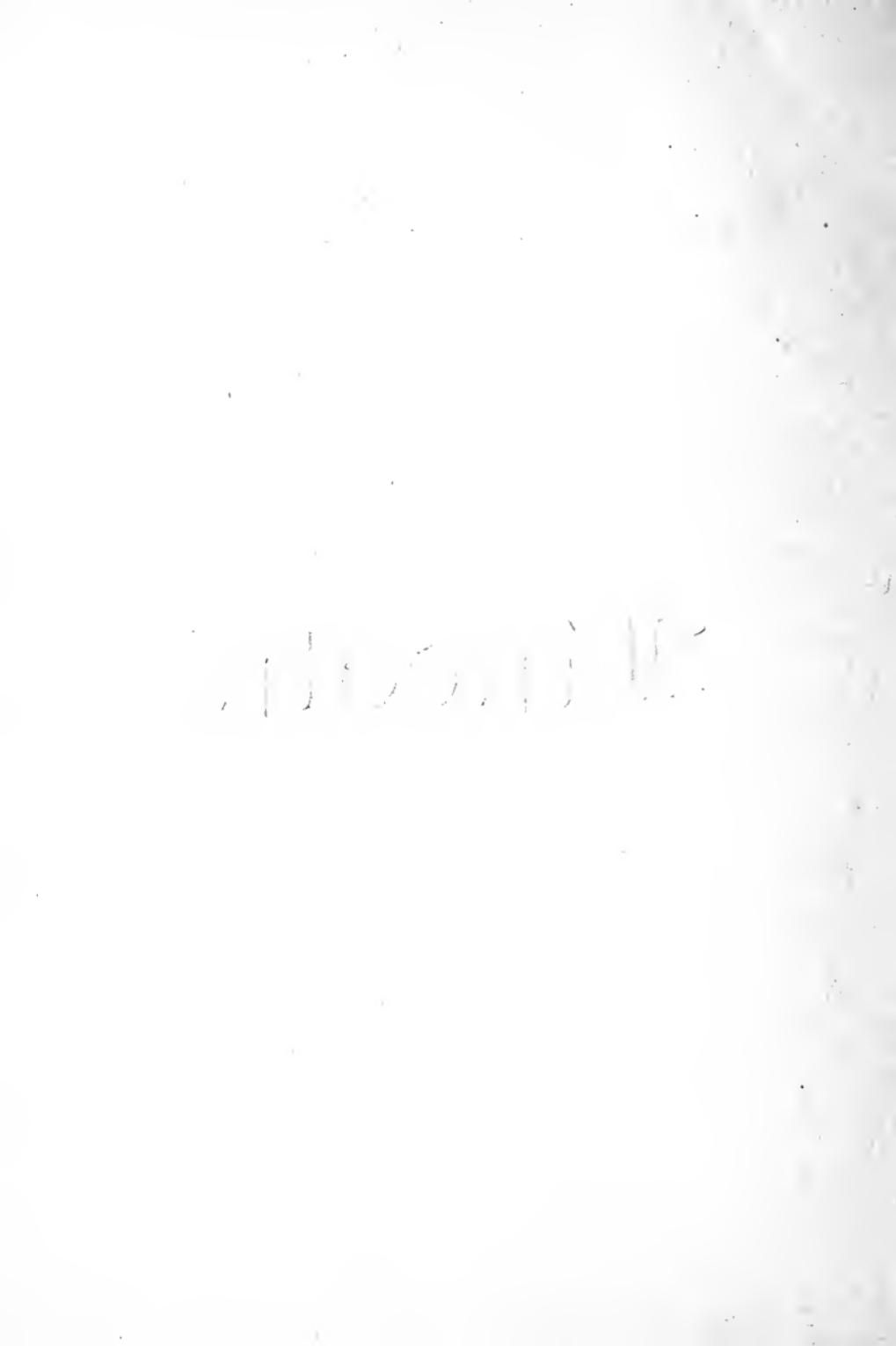




"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil,  
The first American."

*-LOWELL.*

# Lincoln.



# PUBLIC CELEBRATIONS

OF THE

## BIRTHDAY

OF

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

LINCOLN COUNCIL, No. 68,

NATIONAL UNION.

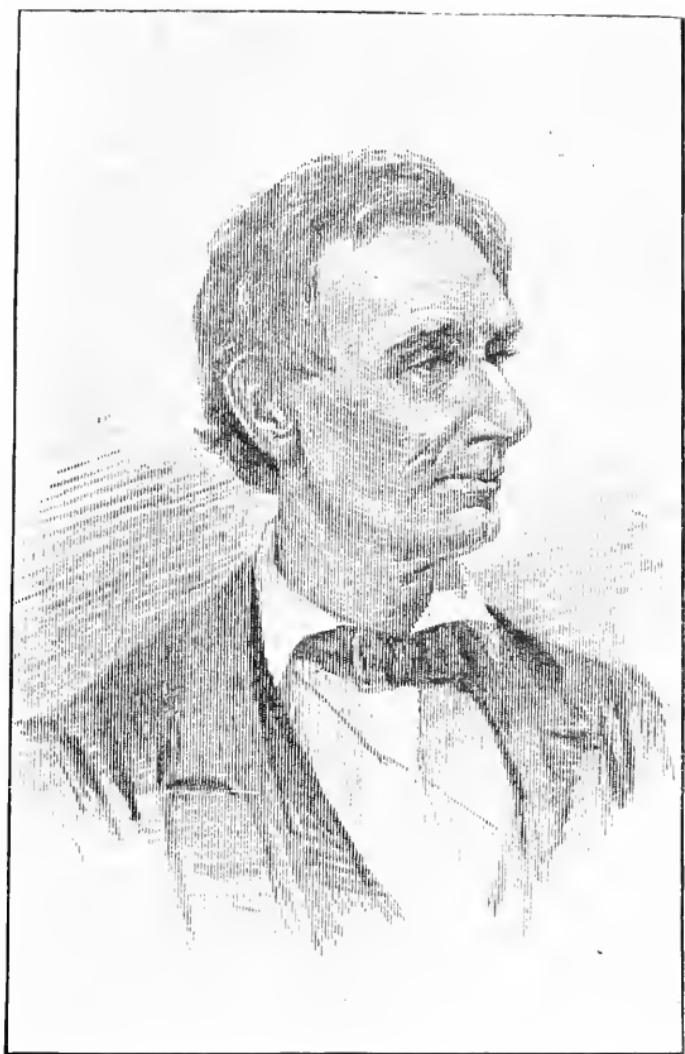
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1888 - 1893.

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CHICAGO:  
PUBLISHED BY THE COUNCIL.  
1893.

**P**REVIOUS to 1888 Lincoln's Birthday had not been observed in Chicago, or to any extent anywhere. A political club in one or two places had given a banquet to its members, with one toast devoted to Lincoln. At that time Lincoln Council of the National Union, at the suggestion of one of its members, inaugurated here a public celebration, in which all so disposed could participate. Though attended with difficulties at the start, the movement has developed into a notable success. The day is now quite generally observed, and in Illinois has been made a public holiday, which promises at no distant date to obtain equal prominence with Washington's Birthday. In the language of Dr. Gunsaulus, the orator in 1888: "Happy is that country which within a fortnight can celebrate the birthdays of two such men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."



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## CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

## CELEBRATION

*Tuesday Evening, February 14th, 1888.*

## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE—William Tell,	Rossini
Mr. S. A. BALDWIN,	
“Lead, Kindly Light,”	Buck
LINCOLN COUNCIL QUARTETTE.	
“The Starry Heaven,”	Pinsuti
MISS JOHNSTON and MRS. HODGE,	
March Funebre et Chant Seraphique,	Gaillard
Mr. S. A. BALDWIN,	
“The Journey is Long,”	Coombes
MRS. EMMA HODGE,	
“The Ocean Old”—(“Building of the Ship,”—Longfellow),	Lahee
Mr. A. D. EDDY.	
The Pilgrim,	Adams
MISS GENEVRA E. JOHNSTON,	
a. Melody,	Seeboeck
b. Gavotte,	Seeboeck
c. Paraphrase on the Walkure,	Wagner—Grunfeld
MR. W. C. E. SEEBOECK,	
Star Spangled Banner,	
MISS JOHNSTON and QUARTETTE,	



Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus delivered an address, of which the following is a brief abstract:

Blessed is that land that has many great anniversaries! Happy is that country which has so many blessed memories, that in a fortnight may occur the birthdays of such men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln! The influence of great men is strong and active, but in Republics their import is so marked, that we may well pause to-night and inquire into their meaning to us. A century ago, the question of the day was simply the question of existence. The problem was one of national life, and George Washington came forward and met the crisis. There are many things in Washington's history that link themselves strangely with the life of Abraham Lincoln. In his day, great traditions lingered in the minds of men who had come across the sea, and there was such a commingling of visions and ideas as seemed to make it impossible that this country should have anything like a stable government; and when the arm of England was raised against the colonies, the problem was the securing of a leader who would link together these varied elements and lead them on to victory. Then up from Virginia was seen coming a man, the marvelous general, the matchless statesman, of our first revolution—George Washington.

There was a largely similar situation at the opening of the Rebellion. In New England were the Puritans; in the middle states the Scotch-Irish, and the descendants of William the Silent and William Penn; and in the west the common offspring of them all. Two great ideas had landed on these shores, which had been in deadly conflict since the birth of Christian love and Christian thought—that right makes might and might makes right. George Washington, who had welded together the Puritan and the Cavalier, saw the coming conflict over the rights of man, and never assented heartily to the compromises of the Constitution.

After the Revolution, the spirit nursed by the Cavalier element grew and thrived. Men were occupied with material problems. In this long period, we see lifting themselves up out of history, men whose importance can only be known when they are compared with the men who are to lead these elements on to victory. William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips wrote and plead, but politicians were frozen with fear, and the church stood with its pulpit mortgaged to slavery. It was in an hour like this that, away yonder, floating down

the Mississippi, a young, brawny, muscular man seemed to be looking into his own soul, as the hours went by, and when at last he stood in New Orleans, he stood face to face with slavery! Men and women were sold before his eyes, and this young man said, "Some day I may get a chance to strike this accursed thing, and when I do, I will strike it hard." This man was Abraham Lincoln. He had been reared in a humble home, where right and honesty made their aristocracy. He had been reading his Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robert Burns" (and no man ever read "Robert Burns" successfully and believed in slavery). Shakespeare's great dramas had opened before him the world of history, the world of poetry; but he had had a better culture even than this. He had been out in the fields under the quiet skies; he had watched the clouds; he had heard the whirlwind, and nature had been pouring her riches into his soul. Abraham Lincoln knew and respected his own soul and honored his own conscience. In the Black Hawk War, in the Legislature, in Congress, leader of the Republican party, he was a man of honor and conscience. In 1858, he is making a speech at Springfield, and a committee comes to him (committees always surround a man of conscience at the wrong time), and asks him to strike from his speech the words, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." It was a moment which was to decide whether we were to be a nation or a confederacy of states, and Abraham Lincoln said "No! God Almighty has ordained that this is to be a nation." The doctrine of state sovereignty was aimed at the very heart of our country, and he knew it.

The time had come, the leader was needed. There were three great, grand men—William H. Seward, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln. Neither of the first two could lead the varied forces in the great encounter. It took a second Washington, and he was Abraham Lincoln. His life was all one grand piece. His eloquence was woven of his life and earnestness; was the eloquence of conscience and intellect and heart so wonderfully transformed by genius, that when he spoke, he seemed to speak to the very soul of man that lives for centuries. The dreadful war came on and nothing lay before us, unless we were led by a second Washington. The crisis came. The Trent affair arose and instructions must be sent to our minister in England, and this western attorney took Mr. Seward's writing and penned a letter that went across the water and took the sword from England's hand and made her our cold-shouldered friend. Demands arose for a proclamation of emancipation, but he waited, thank God! But at last the time came and the grandest document since the Declaration of Independence gave itself to the

world and the providence of Almighty God. I would compare him to-night to William the Silent, if centuries had not rolled between and every year had not enriched the soul of this western man with hopes of liberty. No banner floated for human freedom, no hand was ever stretched toward liberty, that was not grasped and championed and saved by Abraham Lincoln.





## CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

## CELEBRATION

Tuesday Evening, February 12th, 1889.

*MUSICAL PROGRAMME.*

Concert Variations on Star Spangled Banner,	Buck
MR. GEORGE G. EMERSON.	
"Lead, Kindly Light"	Buck
LINCOLN COUNCIL QUARTETTE.	
Zion,	Rodney
MISS GENEVRA E. JOHNSTON.	
"I'm a Roamer,"	Mendelssohn
MR. GEORGE H. TOTT.	
a. Portrait A. T. M.,	Seeboeck
b. By the Spring,	Seeboeck
c. Trot de Cavalerie,	Rubinstein
MR. W. C. E. SEEBOECK.	
a. Only a Song,	De Lara
b. White Roses,	Edson Keith, Jr.
MISS GENEVRA E. JOHNSTON.	
VOLUNTARY,	
MR. GEORGE G. EMERSON,	



Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address and a selection from the Commemoration Ode, by James Russell Lowell, were read by Prof. W. W. Carnes.

### GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

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Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we *say* here; but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

### COMMEMORATION ODE.

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Life may be given in many ways  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
    So generous is Fate;  
But then to stand beside her,  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield—  
This shows, methinks, God's plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,

Limb'd like the old heroic breeds,  
 Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our martyr-chief,  
 Whom late the Nation he had led,  
 With ashes on her head,  
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief ;  
 Forgive me if from present things I turn  
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
 Nature, they say, doth dote,  
 And cannot make a man  
 Save on some worn-out plan,  
 Repeating as by rote ;  
 For him the Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
 Of the unexhausted West,  
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
 How beautiful to see  
 Once more a shepherd of mankind, indeed,  
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;  
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
 But by his clear-grained human worth,  
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity !  
 They knew that outward grace is dust :  
 They could not choose but trust  
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,  
 And supple-tempered will  
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
 His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
 A seamount now, now lost in vapors blind ;  
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.  
 Nothing of Europe here,  
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,  
 Ere any names of serf and peer  
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;  
 Here was a type of the true elder race,  
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.  
 I praise him not ; it were too late ;  
 And some innative weakness there must be

In him who condescends to victory  
 Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,  
 Safe in himself as in a fate.  
 So always firmly he ;  
 He knew to bide his time,  
 And can his fame abide,  
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
 Till the wise years decide.  
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
 But at last silence comes ;  
 These all are gone and standing like a tower,  
 Our children shall behold his fame,  
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Bishop Charles E. Cheney introduced the speaker of the evening. He said it is an old truism that the monuments which men build are sure to yield to the destructive processes of time, no matter how durable may be the material of which they are constructed, or how deeply their inscriptions may be engraved, and so men select one day of the year and on it each has engraved his name, so that it may be remembered as the years roll around; but that, too, has fleeted. We have learned that it is the man that makes the monument, not the monument that makes the man. And so to-day we honor the memory of a man because even to the death, he gave himself to seeing that "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It is of such a man that you are to learn to-night something more than that you may know, from the eloquent lips of one well fitted to delineate his character. I have the honor to introduce the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden.

Dr. Gladden spoke in substance as follows:

I have come to join with you in commemorating the life which began four score years ago to-day. Lincoln might have been with us to-night. It would have been no unusual stretch of the span. It is true that the men who stood with Lincoln in that great struggle are gone. The great statesmen who joined with him in managing the affairs of the nation have all followed him. Only one of the great captains

remains, and he to-night is sorrowful and alone—God be kind to him! Lincoln's stalwart frame had the promise of long life in it, and could we have allowed his 80th birthday to pass without making some notable celebration of the event? I know we sometimes say that it was well that death came when it did; that he might have been forgotten or distrusted had he lived. But do we not remember when he was reviled as a blockhead and a blunderer, and that the people for all that never wavered in loyalty to Lincoln. No! his character would have broadened and sweetened with time and with age, would have been benignant and beautiful. He is not here, alas! and there is almost a whole generation that knows him only as a historical personage, as many of the older of us here knew George Washington by hearing of him from those who knew him and saw him. Those of us who have known him, should teach our children and our children's children, the memory of the grandest man of our century. You will not expect to-night, any recital of the events of Lincoln's life; that would be unnecessary almost anywhere in the world to-day, and here in Illinois it would be grotesque. Like the great son of man, Lincoln's early days were buried in obscurity. His father was a carpenter, but by the same rule by which shoemakers' children often go barefooted, the carpenter's son was not sure of always having a roof to cover his head. For all that it is not his humble life that was irksome, but it was the mental dearth that characterized it, for that rugged frame was the shrine of an eager intelligence. We do not know where he got this. We do not know as much as we would like of that mother that watched over the boy for the first ten years of his life, but it is likely that he inherited it from her. Abraham never forgot his mother, but quickly found a warm place in the heart of the second mother, who came after the death of the first. The history of the mental growth in his obscurity—what a pathetic tale it is! A year's schooling in all, under four different school masters, was the sum of his instruction, but in some way he mastered the rudiments at an early day and developed an overmastering love for books. Here is a striking picture in a sentence: "He would sit in the twilight and peruse a dictionary as long as he could see." He longed to know words, the windows through which we peer into the breasts of the great and learn their wisdom, the store houses of the ages; and this youth intended to know words that he might use them. We shall see before long to what purpose is all this poring over the dictionary. Then he used to study the revised statutes of Indiana, and there he found the very food for which he was hungry. For this boy's genius was the genius for state-craft.

It is not possible to follow the fortunes of this lad through these uneventful years. The striking thing about it all is the eagerness with which he seizes upon everything which will give scope to his knowledge. And all this did not separate him from his fellows. What he gained, he shared with them. Gaunt, but muscular, six feet four, a tremendous fighter when forced to fight, he was yet everybody's friend. Who can wonder that he drew people about him with a nameless attraction. A company of men wanted a captain for the Black Hawk war and he was chosen. As a candidate for the Legislature his majority was the largest ever given in his district. In his own town the poll was 272 for him to 3 for his antagonist. The three Democrats who stood out against him must have had a lonely time. He stands before the bar and is known as the peer of the best. He goes to Congress and gains an honorable reputation.

While this great character has been ripening, signs of a great national struggle are becoming more pronounced. Slavery had to struggle for new territory and the sentiment of the North was gradually arraying itself against the whole system. It is not easy to tell at what precise period the attention of Lincoln was fixed upon this question of slavery. The first clear testimony was drawn out on his first flat-boat trip to New Orleans. "Then and there, May, 1831," says one of his companions, "slavery ran its iron into his soul." Against it his moral sense, his instinctive love of justice afterwards continually arose in revolt. It was in the winter of 1838, that the Legislature of Illinois delivered itself of a series of resolutions against all those who did not believe in slavery. Lincoln voted against that and spread upon the records a protest against it. In the next twenty years things moved swiftly and the crisis came on. Lincoln was the right man for the leader and he was in the right place. The most acute, the most adroit of the advocates of the extension of slavery was another citizen of Illinois, Stephen A. Douglas, and *sæ* here the fight began. Illinois had no need to import a champion. Lincoln was peculiarly qualified to meet the keen, alert, dashing orator, being a calm minded, plain-spoken man, who saw the truth with perfect clearness, and told it so that no one else could help seeing it; who believed the side on which he had ranged himself was eternal right against primordial wrong. One does not wish to speak severely of the attitude of Douglas in this campaign. His manly course at the outbreak of the war ought to atone for it all. We in the east who heard the echoes of this debate between the giants, heard in the clarion tones of Lincoln, the voice of our leader. When he came on to New York and made that most wonder-

ful speech at Cooper Union, there were many more who recognized it. The election day which made him President only realized the anticipations of the careful observer of the signs of the times.

Then followed for him four terrible months of waiting. It was just twenty-eight years ago yesterday that he set out for Washington. His neighbors at Springfield went to bid him farewell at the little railroad station and he spoke to them tender and prayerful words of parting. Then with slow progress he journeyed to the Capital. We cannot deny that many of us followed him with much solicitude. What an atmosphere, heavy and mephitic with treason, he found when he arrived!

Of the four years that followed little can be said in this limited time. We who watched him found him month by month worthier of trust, more deserving of honor. His consecration to the cause of his country was as perfect as that of any martyr who ever lived. He kept in touch with the people. He knew what they were thinking about and he took them into his confidence, but there was much he did not tell which has come to light within the past few months and which makes him even greater than we ever thought him. We did not know before with what marvelous diplomacy he kept the warring elements about him at peace, and his great name gains new lustre with every revelation. Steadily he led the people on and on, out of the gloom of disaster and doubt, up to the summits of victory. All the world knew him as a man of men. Was there ever an hour when he seemed so great, so good, as when he stood on the steps of the White House and answered in simple words the people's shouts of gratulation, that the war was over?

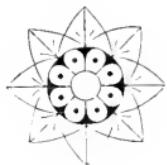
Had we inquired what gave him this power, we would have found that the people believed in him and trusted him, because he was honest and true, because they could understand him. He had a marvelous art of putting things. His words were put together with masterly skill, but they were also luminous with perfect sincerity. Then his magnanimity drew the people to him; his tenderness was one of the sources of his power and the foundation on which the whole character was built; the very substance of which it was compact, was fidelity, absolute fidelity to truth. In morals he was a thorough-going idealist. The deepest source of Abraham Lincoln's power over men was his ethical thoroughness.

And now the turmoil was over and before him there opened up the bright prospects of a happy lot. God pity us all! What a blow it was that smote to the earth the saviour of our land and friend of all our hearts. With the great and

solemn pageant of unaffected mourning, the nation bore his body to its resting place upon your western prairies. It is almost twenty-four years since the earth received the mortal body of Abraham Lincoln. His precious dust is still in your keeping, fellow countrymen of Illinois. You will guard it well. But his name and fame and the undying power of his great life are not yours alone. They belong to the whole nation, to the whole world. For wherever in all the earth and in all ages yet to come, shall be men who love liberty and hate oppression, who trust in truth and despise insincerity, who believe in righteousness and are ready to work or to suffer, that its kingdom may prevail, there the name of Abraham Lincoln will be known and cherished with tender reverence and deathless love.

"AMERICA," by the quartette and audience, closed the exercises.





## CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

## CELEBRATION

*Wednesday Evening, February 12th, 1890.*

## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

ORGAN—Variations, "Star Spangled Banner,"	<i>Buck</i>
MR. LOUIS FALK.	
a. Invocation,	
b. Hark! the Trumpet,	<i>Buck</i>
APOLLO QUARTETTE.	
"Unfurl the Glorious Banner,"	
APOLLO QUARTETTE.	
Ring and Rose,	
CHICAGO LADY QUARTETTE.	
ORGAN—Variations, "Suwanee River,"	<i>Flagler</i>
MR. LOUIS FALK.	
Bedouin Love Song,	<i>Pinsuti</i>
MR. J. ALLEN PREISCH.	
Lullaby,	<i>Carpenter</i>
CHICAGO LADY QUARTETTE.	
The Beating of my own Heart,	<i>Streletzki</i>
MRS. ANNIE ROMMEISS THACKER.	
"Lead, Kindly Light,"	<i>Buck</i>
CHICAGO and APOLLO QUARTETTES.	
"Star Spangled Banner,"	
DOUBLE QUARTETTE and AUDIENCE.	
ORGAN—Marche,	<i>Wiley</i>



Mr. Lincoln's second inaugural address and the "Tribute to Lincoln," by Tom Taylor, were read by Professor W. W. Carnes.

### SECOND INAUGURAL.

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FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energy of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to the saving of the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish—and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and beneficial interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude nor the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God,

and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time. He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a loving God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

#### TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.—TOM TAYLOR.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14th, 1865.

*You* lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
*You*, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,  
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, knarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
 Judging each step as though the way were plain;  
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph  
 Of chief's perplexity, a people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet  
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
 Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
 To lame my pencil and confute my pen—  
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
 This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,  
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose,  
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,  
 How iron-like his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be,  
 How in good fortune and in ill the same,  
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
 Thirsting for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few  
 E'er had laid on head and heart and hand—  
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
 That God makes instruments to work His will,  
 If but that will we can arrive to know,  
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
 The iron bark that turns the lumberer's ax,  
 The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
 The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indians, and the prowling bear—  
 Such were the needs that helped his youth to train :  
 Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,  
 If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
 And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'  
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
 And took both with the same unwavering mood,  
 Till, as he came on light from darkling days,  
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A false hand, between the goal and him,  
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—  
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
 Forgiveness in his heart and in his pen,  
 When this vile murder brought swift eclipse  
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame !  
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,  
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst ! Strokes have been struck before  
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;  
 But this foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandst murder on a strife,  
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;  
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven !

Dr. H. W. Thomas then introduced the orator of the evening as follows:

"Compared with the Governments of the Old World, that of our own is new. We have been told that as a nation we were too young to take a place in the world's history; that our institutions were still on trial. It is true we cannot claim great age, but we can claim that we have done a great deal in the little time of our existence. The peculiar glory of our institutions is that they belong to the people; that the people create the Government. It was true, also, that as a people we had great leaders, not merely those who arose to express some thought or sentiment, but leaders recognized as the greatest heroes of our national history. The first of these was George Washington, and after him comes Abraham Lincoln, who in the greatest trial that ever came to any people, certainly the greatest that ever came to our land, was the one who stood near the people, and for whom they had a love amounting almost to reverence. One thousand years from now the name of this man will have a greater power on American life than at present.

"It is important that we gather up and keep sacred in history these men who have brought honor not only on the nation but on the whole world. It adds to the interest and

pathos of this occasion to have a letter from the son of Abraham Lincoln. It is as follows:

JAMES H. GILBERT, Esq.

LONDON, January 4, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR:—It is a matter of pride and pleasure to me to hear from you that my father's birthday is to be commemorated again in Chicago next month, and I wish very much that I could hear Mr. Thurston's address on that occasion. As I am compelled to remain here I can only thank you and the Lincoln Council for remembering me and for the invitation to be present. Believe me, very sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

"We owe it to the Lincoln Council that we can have with us to-night that distinguished orator whom many of you have heard on other occasions. It is a pleasure for me to introduce to you Judge Thurston, of Omaha."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The state of Illinois has contributed to the nineteenth century its two most illustrious names. One, that of the greatest captain of modern times; the other, that of the patriot and statesman whose birthday we commemorate.

In this great inland metropolis, this chief city of his beloved commonwealth, this fateful city of his presidential nomination, this loyal city, which so cordially supported him through all the trying days of his administration, this prosperous city, which has shared so greatly in the benefits of that grand government he preserved, this magic city in which seems centered the spirit of resistless American enterprise and courage, so strongly typified in his life, it is especially fitting that the memory of Abraham Lincoln should be forever cherished, and the anniversary of his nativity sacredly observed.

Sixty million free people join with us in honor of his name, yet he wielded no scepter and wore no crown; but in his life he exercised greater powers, called into existence grander armies, and won for his country and humanity sublimer victories than any who preceded him upon the earth, and in his death he reached the full stature of immortal fame.

It is not my purpose to-night to review the life of Abraham Lincoln, for that is a part of the history of the Republic. That history remains with all loyal men; it is recorded on the nation's battle flags; it speaks from silent lips; it lingers in the shadow of desolate lives; yea, and it blooms in beauty above the sacred dust of those who fell by river and by sea. That history should be taught in every public school; it should be preached from every pulpit; it should be honored, venerated, loved, wherever liberty is dear to man.

The contemplation of heroic deeds, the study of patriotic lives, the review of great reforms, broaden the characters and

ennoble the minds of all future generations, and the story of Abraham Lincoln, citizen, president, liberator, martyr, should be told by every American fireside, and instilled into the heart of every American child.

One day, not long since, as I sat in a crowded court room, engaged in the trial of a case involving the title to a very valuable tract of land, there came to the witness stand a venerable, white-haired negro. Written all over his black face, was the record of three-quarters of a century, such as few persons ever knew. Born a slave, he had stood upon the auction block and been sold to the highest bidder; he had seen his wife and babies torn from his side by those who ridiculed his breaking heart; he bore upon his back the scars and ridges left by a master's lash. Now he was called into the temple of justice to settle, by his testimony, a controversy between white men. When asked his age, he drew himself proudly up and said: "For fifty years I was a chattel; on the first day of January, 1863, 'Old Uncle Abe' made me a man."

The act which set that old man free was the crowning glory of Lincoln's life. It was that act which lifted him above the plane of statesmanship, for by it he not only saved the Union, but emancipated a race. When he took his pen in hand to sign the emancipation proclamation, he knew that the supreme hour of the nation's fate had come. He had known for many years that such an hour must come. In his great Springfield speech, delivered June 16, 1858, he said:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided."

Five years later, over the signature which fulfilled his own prophecy, he wrote:

"And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the constitution, upon military authority, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

In that sentence he affirmed the sacred character of his own stewardship.

I am a believer in an overruling providence. I cannot so far belittle the miracle of my own existence and the incomprehensible splendors of the universe as even for a moment to suppose they came by chance; and the omnipotent ruler who set the earth to whirling in the realms of space; who breathed upon the inanimate dust until it stirred and thrilled with created life; who took a part of the spirit of infinite exist-

ence and clothed it in the temporal form of man, did not leave the multiplying generations of the God-born race to work out their own deliverance unaided and abandoned of Him.

His mercy fills the earth, and though the prayers of the desperate and despairing often seem unheeded and unheard, yet we know that humanity keeps steady pace with the footsteps of the ages, and the light of liberty, equality and fraternity grows brighter with every coming day.

God's providence has raised up a leader in every time of a people's exceeding need.

Moses, reared in the family of a Pharaoh, initiated in the sublime mysteries of the priesthood of Egypt, partaking of the power and splendor of royal family and favor; himself a ruler and almost a king; was so moved by the degraded and helpless condition of his enslaved brethren that for their sake he undertook what to human understanding seemed the impossible problem of deliverance.

He led his people through the parted waters of the sea out of their bondage. He brought for them from the flame and smoke of Sinai that supreme code of moral law which has remained, the foundation of all good government; he kept them wandering in the wilderness for forty years, until a new generation had sprung up, fitted by hardships borne and dangers braved, to found and maintain a great nation; he marshaled them on the banks of the Jordan and showed them the beauty and plenty of the promised land. Then, with his mission ended, his work done, his people saved, God took him and he was not.

Who can deny to Moses the inspiration of omnipotent command? What puny human intelligence dares question the perfection of the infinite design?

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave.  
But no man built that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod  
And laid the dead man there.  
Oh! lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
Oh! dark Bethpoer's hill,  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God has His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep like the sacred sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

A peasant girl, a shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her country's wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed;

its fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned; its people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe. Hope for France was dead. Heroes, there were none to save. What could a woman do?

Into the soul of this timid, unlettered mountain maid there swept a flood of glorious resolve. Some power, unknown to man, drew back the curtain from the glass of fate and bade her look therein. As in a vision, she sees a new French army, courageous, hopeful, victorious, invincible. A girl, sword in hand, rides at its head; before it the invaders flee. She sees France restored, her fields in bloom, her cottages in peace, her people happy, her prince crowned.

This vision came to pass. Joan de Arc, the saviour of her country, was the instrument of God.

Who can doubt that this new world in which we live is under the especial guidance of an active providence? It woke the preposterous idea of an undiscovered continent in the quickened brain of the Genoese sailor; it gave him courage to appeal to court after court until his wishes were granted by the sympathetic queen. It filled his sails with favoring breezes; stood at the helm and guided his fleet aright, and when he kneeled upon the unknown strand it raised above him the great white cross of a Saviour's love, the emblem of immortal hope.

It gave leadership and victory to the little band of continental heroes who would no longer yield to kingly rule, and through successful revolution laid the first foundation of a popular government that could withstand the tests of time. It inspired the pen of emancipation and the sword of Appomattox.

Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Grant — discoverer, father, preserver, hero! Did chance select them, each for his glorious work, so gloriously performed? Let the fool answer how he will; I prefer to see the finger of divine design.

The rail-splitter of Illinois became president of the United States in the darkest hour of the nation's peril. Inexperienced and untrained in governmental affairs, he formulated national politics, overruled statesmen, directed armies, removed generals, and when it became necessary to save the Republic, set at naught the written constitution. He amazed the politicians and offended the leaders of his party; but the people loved him by instinct and followed him blindly. The child leads the blind man through dangerous places, not by reason of controlling strength and intelligence, but by certainty of vision. Abraham Lincoln led the nation along its obscure pathway, for his vision was above the clouds, and he stood in the clear sunshine of God's indicated will.

So stands the mountain while the murky shadows thicken at its base, beset by the tempest, lashed by the storm, darkness and desolation on every side; no gleam of hope in the lightning's lurid lances, nor voice of safety in the crushing thunder-bolts: but high above the top-most mist, vexed by no wave of angry sound, kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night, the eternal summit lifts its snowy crest, crowned with the infinite serenity of peace.

"And God said, let there be light, and there was light." Light on the ocean, light on the land.

"And God said, let there be light, and there was light." Light from the cross on Calvary, light for the souls of men.

"And God said, let there be light, and there was light." Light from the emancipation proclamation, light on the honor of the nation, light on the constitution of the United States, light on the black faces of patient bondsmen, light on every standard of freedom throughout the world.

From the hour in which the cause of the Union became the cause of liberty; from the hour in which the flag of the Republic became the flag of humanity; from the hour in which its stars and stripes no longer floated over a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth, that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it, never wavered in their onward march to victory. With the single exception of Chancellorsville, and the stubborn, doubtful day at Chicamauga, no decisive field of battle was ever lost by the men who sang with redoubled enthusiasm:

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.

Gettysburg at the east, Vicksburg at the west, ratified the president's action, and woke the morning of the nation's holiday with a grand jubilee of joy. From Chattanooga to Appomattox, from Atlanta to the sea, the hearts of the war-worn, battle-scarred veterans took new courage. All along the line they touched elbows with a steadier purpose, saw in each other's eyes a holier fire, joined with a new inspiration in that glorious anthem :

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
For God is marching on.

He is sounding forth a trumpet that never calls retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.  
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet,  
Our God is marching on.

After a quarter of a century of peace, all children of our common country kneel at the altar of a re-united faith. The

blue and the gray lie in eternal slumber side by side. Heroes all, they fell face to face, brother against brother, to expiate a nation's sin. The lonely firesides and the unknown graves; the memory of the loved; the yearning for the lost; the desolated altars, and the broken hopes, are past recall. The wings of our weak protest beat in vain against the iron doors of fate. But through the mingled tears that fall alike upon the honored dead of both, the north and south turn hopeful eyes to that new future of prosperity and power, possible only in the shelter of the dear old flag. To the conquerors and the conquered; to the white man and the black; to the master and the slave, Abraham Lincoln was God's providence.

What is the heritage to us? Lincoln, on the historical field of Gettysburg, said, "A government of the people, by the people, for the people." A government of the people so broad that it offers land, liberty and labor to the down-trodden and oppressed of every clime; so strong that the sheathed swords of its citizen-soldiers need never again be drawn to protect it from foes without or dissensions within; so just that the blind goddess of its temples holds in equal poise the scales that measure out the rights and privileges and powers of all; so liberal that in its skies the spires of every faith may find a place, and by its altars individual conscience fears not church nor state; so wise in crafts of statesmanship, in policies of government and enacted laws, that all its industries and arts, ennobled by invention, stimulated by intelligence and zeal, flourish and prosper beyond compare; so well beloved that the bright bayonet of its honor is in every American hand, and the certain bulwark of its safety in every American heart. Its cities grow and thrive; its fertile fields increase; its inland commerce quickens all the land through arteries of steel; its white sails spread to catch the favoring breeze of every sea; its whirling spindles and its tireless wheels make merry music by every stream; its silver forests and its golden hills are inexhaustable treasures of national wealth; the school house is the pride of every village, and happy motherhood the crown of every home.

This government is by the people. In it the unit of political power is individual citizenship. Under its constitution every citizen must be given equal voice in the formulation of laws, and in the selection of those who are to administer and enforce them; every avenue of preferment must be fairly open to all, and every child of American birth, whether his wondering eyes first unclose upon the splendors of a palace or the poverty of a cabin, must share in the grand possibility of becoming president of the United States.

There are some who profess to believe that the rights and privileges of citizenship should be denied to the foreign born. But in the hour when the Republic asked for brawny arms to beat its muskets, and willing feet to march beneath its flag, how many a volunteer made answer in his mother tongue, first learned on vine clad hills or by the Zuyder Zee? How many a dying patriot, with his latest breath, blessed Erin's wave kissed shore. Every man who loved our country well enough to fight for it; every man who is willing to abandon for it his childhood home; every man who longs for the blessings of liberty, and is ready to support our constitution and obey our laws, is fitted to participate in a government by the people.

On the other hand, let it be forever decreed that no man can safely land upon our shores to spread the leprosy of anarchy, or to advocate the perpetration of crime. Those monstrous doctrines which are, perhaps, the necessary outgrowth of persecution and oppression, and those violent remedies, which may be justifiable as against tyrants, will not be tolerated in a land where the sovereign can only be assailed at the fireside of the citizen.

There are some, too, who say it is not right that those who own no property, and pay no direct tax, should vote obligations upon those who do; but the student of political economy will readily discover that the daily wage of every man who toils is lessened by the tax on capital; that to every house rent is added a proportionate share of the public burden, and every article of food, clothing, and the like, must contribute to the revenue. The ultimate liquidation of all municipal and government indebtedness is met by the sweat of the brow and the toil of busy hands.

There are others yet who clamor for an educational test. We are all deeply interested in the elevation of the masses, but oftentimes we find that the rude, practical common-sense of the man who cannot read, is as trustworthy as the theory of the college professor. It is true that in communities where great numbers of ignorant people are congregated together, unworthy public officers are often chosen; but take it the country over, all great political and economic questions are settled by the ballots of the millions, and they are generally settled in accordance with right. Wealth can take care of itself; learning is its own champion. The object of all good government is to protect the weak and defend the defenseless. To the poor and the ignorant the elective franchise is both buckler and sword, and to them it must never be denied.

All great revolutions, all great reforms originate with the populace. Those who share in the benefits of injustice and

wrong never rebel. Universal suffrage is the safety of our society. Very few men who realize the tremendous power of the ballot will care to experiment with bombs. If future revolutions are to be bloodless and merciful, it must be because all just reforms, all remedial legislation, all proper changes in government can be speedily and safely effected by practical methods and lawful means. So long as every American citizen may walk to the polls in sunshine and safety, so long as he may enfold his conscience in a free ballot, and have it fairly counted, so long will the nation be governed by the people in happiness and peace.

And one of the most important questions before this country to-day is that of properly guarding and protecting its ballot boxes. No adequate legislation can ever be enacted, no Australian system will ever prove effective, until at the bar of an aroused public opinion any man who nullifies a legal ballot by fraud, by undue influence, by threat or force, stands condemned as a criminal, a traitor and a public enemy.

This is a government for the "people."

So framed and carried on that the stimulus of its possible reward rouses humanity to its best endeavors. Its history is replete with the name of those who, from the lowest condition, have risen to the highest station. On its great highway the barefoot boy may distance the golden chariot of ancestral wealth.

There are dreamers and idiots who prate of an ideal community in which all live upon an exact equality; where the product of each man's brain and brawn is turned into the general storehouse; where all occupy the same model dwellings, wear the same stereotyped clothes, receive the same allotment of daily food, work the same number of hours, rest by rule, and recreate by programme; in fact, where everything possible is done to obliterate the God-given individuality, and dwarf the hopes, the aspirations and ambitions which give to life its flavor and to the world its charm. Confinement in a penitentiary or poor house would satisfy all these conditions, and be far preferable.

The infinite Creator has never yet made two beings exactly alike. No two human faces are the same. From the cradle to the grave, each body, intellect and soul is an entity in itself, distinct and different from every other created thing. It is inevitable that there should be different classes of society in every government; the labor of the world could be carried on in no other way. It is also inevitable that there shall always be an unequal distribution of wealth, and this gives rise to much serious discontent. If it were not for the accumulation of great fortunes; if it were not for the combination

of capital in corporate organization, those great enterprises which so rapidly develop the country and give employment to millions, who might otherwise starve, could never be undertaken or successfully carried on. But money yields a mighty influence, not only for good but for evil; and if there is any serious danger in the future of this Republic, it will come from its improper and unjustifiable use.

We live in an age of marvels. The forces of steam and electricity have revolutionized the approved methods of centuries. The rapid settlement of the United States, the construction of great railway systems, the unprecedented growth of cities, and the surprising increase in values, have multiplied wealth, both national and individual, almost beyond calculation. This wealth is entitled to its just measure of protection. It can be used for the great and lasting good of all. But eternal vigilance must be exercised, lest its possessors attempt to usurp or destroy the just powers of the people. The people have a right to demand that capital shall share with labor in the profits of joint enterprise. They have the right to demand that it shall never be used to oppress the poor; to artificially diminish the wages of labor, or increase the price of the necessities of life. They have a right to demand that it shall be satisfied with a fair rate of interest for its use, and that it shall only be employed in legitimate business pursuits.

To accomplish these results it is not necessary to murder the millionaires or mob the capitalists. Redress will never be secured by the rabid mouthings of demagogues, or the attempted reprisals of impracticable men. But by intelligent, dispassionate discussion, by legitimate organization, by moderate and reasonable regulation, these grave questions can be settled on a basis fair to all, and no man need fear the absolute, ultimate justice of the deliberate judgment of the American people.

The future is not dark; the stainless weapon of liberty and self-defense is in the hand of every citizen.

A weapon that comes down as still  
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,  
Yet executes a freeman's will  
As lightning does the will of God.

And this "government of the people, by the people, for the people," shall not perish from the earth. Our nation has stood for an hundred years as a menace to despotism and a hope to the oppressed. Mother of republics, her lullaby is sung over every cradle of liberty throughout the world. The last throne has disappeared from the Western hemisphere, and the conscience of the twentieth century will not tolerate

a crown. On freedom's scroll of honor the name of Abraham Lincoln is written first. The colossal statue of his fame stands forever on the pedestal of a people's love. About it are the upturned, glorified faces of an emancipated race. In its protecting shadow liberty, equality and justice are the heritage of every American citizen. The sunshine of approving heaven rests upon it like an infinite benediction and over it calmly floats the unconquered flag of the greatest nation of the earth.



## CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

## CELEBRATION

*Thursday Evening, February 12th, 1891.*

## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

VOLUNTARY,	PROF. LOUIS FALK.
"America,"	UNION PARK CHORAL SOCIETY.
a. Invocation,	
b. "Lead, Kindly Light,"	Buck APOLLO QUARTETTE.
"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,"	Shaw MR. W. R. ROOT AND CHORUS.
a. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,"	G. F. Root
b. "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,"	G. F. Root APOLLO QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.
"The Warrior Bold,"	F. W. Root MR. W. R. ROOT.
a. "Soldier's Farewell,"	Kinkel
b. "Vacant Chair,"	G. F. Root APOLLO QUARTETTE.
"In Questo Semplice,"	Donizetti MRS. LOUIS FALK.
Fantasie,	Hartmann MR. JOHN SKELTON.
"The Soldier's Reprieve,"	Mrs. LAURA DAINTY.
"Battle Cry of Freedom,"	G. F. Root UNION PARK CHORAL SOCIETY.
"Liberty Duet,"	Donizetti MR. W. J. FAIRMAN, MR. J. ALLEN PREISCH.
"Star Spangled Banner,"	Key MRS. FALK, CHORUS AND AUDIENCE.



Mr. Lincoln's address, when leaving Springfield for Washington, and "Lincoln's Passing Bell," by Lucy Larcom, were read by Mrs. Laura Dainty :

"FRIENDS: No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and, during all that time, I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed, Here all my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have—all that I am. All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd upon my mind. To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same Omniscient mind and Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal security and faith, you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me.

With these few words, I must leave you; for how long, I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell."

#### LINCOLN'S PASSING BELL.

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*April 15th, 1865.*

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
All the bells of the land !  
Lo ! the patriot martyr  
Taketh his journey grand ;  
Travels into the ages,  
Bearing a hope, how dear !  
Into life's unknown vistas,  
Liberty's great pioneer.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
Do the budded violets know  
The pain of the lingering clangor  
Shaking their bloom out so ?

They open into strange sorrow,  
     The rain of a nation's tears ;  
 Into the saddest April  
     Twined with the New World's years.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
     See, they come as a cloud—  
 Hearts of a mighty people,  
     Bearing his pall and shroud !  
 Lifting up, like a banner,  
     Signals of loss and woe !  
 Wonder of breathless nations,  
     Moveth the solemn show.

Tolling, tolling, tolling !  
     Was it, O man beloved—  
 Was it thy funeral only,  
     Over the land that moved ?  
 Veiled by that hour of anguish,  
     Borne with the rebel rout,  
 Forth into utter darkness,  
     Slavery's corse went out.

The Hon. Lyman Trumbull was announced for an introductory address, but Judge George Driggs came to the front of the stage alone and said that, owing to a serious indisposition, Judge Trumbull was unable to be present.

"I regret to make this announcement," said Judge Driggs, "as I thereby lose the inspiration I should have received from him, but as it is very possible that had Mr. Trumbull spoken here to-night he might never have again appeared in public, I feel that this audience will pardon his absence. I ask every one present to rise and give three cheers for Lyman Trumbull."

The cheers were given with a will, and the speaker continued. He spoke, in substance, as follows :

On the eve of a day eighty-two years ago, in a southern State, the gentlest, grandest soul the century has produced began building up the sublimest history of the age. He was ushered into the world on the watch-night of liberty and was born in the vigil of the fireside of the lowly. His birth

commenced an epoch in which was collapsed the legal oppression of slavery, and in the presence of the memories of that man's life and work, the hour is too brief for me to take advantage, as I should, of the possibilities of the opportunity, did I not take an inspiration from some of my surroundings.

Lincoln was a child of nature. He was one of the people, and these gave him a quick response and a general approval of all things lowly and gentle. He had no specific trait that stood alone. With the heart of a child, he was not a sentimentalist. With the nerve of a surgeon, he had a heart most keenly alive to every feeling of pain. His heart was pure and his purpose to do good was without pretension. And to me the question must come, and now I ask: What did he stand for? He stood for liberty. For liberty he stood in the highest, broadest, grandest sense of that majestic and magnetic word. What did liberty mean in 1854? It had and has always a history pathetic and most dramatic.

A sail. A shore. The pilgrims. Two hundred years of toil, self-denial and privation. Then bigotry. Then protests and defiance. A revolution. A declaration. Liberty proclaimed. Then varying fortune and dark days. Then losses and defeats. Then the sky was brightened with an emblem and a symbol that shall never fade and never die, nor shall it be marred or stained in the history of the time that it floats. Thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, in colors red, white and blue, were spread out to warm the hearts of the thirteen States. It was an experiment. Then came a constitution and an election. An oath of office was administered to one who stands alone among the men who have lived.

Columbia could now pause to consider her losses in war and her gains in peace. The foreign oppressor was gone, but the internal oppressor remained. The lash and chain forced men and women to work with no remuneration for their toil, when "New England wrote the word 'Liberty' on the northern sky." For seventy years the contest lasted, and all that time prophecies as to the future emanated from both sides.

Born in a little log cabin in Kentucky, of uneducated parents, Abraham Lincoln labored for his daily bread beside the men to whom he afterwards gave freedom. While a boy he floated with his family on a raft down the Ohio and his mother died as soon as their new home was reached. All the schooling that was his lasted but a year, and his library

consisted of the Bible, "Esop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," and the lives of Washington and Clay. It has been said that his simple-mindedness may be ascribable to the simplicity of his literature. He said afterward that the poverty of his books was his wealth in life. They helped, however, to complete the unfinished teachings of his mother.

Through years of want we see this boy. He is working hard for board and clothes, but he had an ambition all this time to rise above his surroundings. At twenty-one he commenced to study grammar, and when he had mastered it he declared that if this was a science he wanted another to go after. He then became a candidate for the Illinois Legislature, but was defeated. Soon after, however, he was made postmaster under President Jackson, and then surveyor. He filled every position he ever held.

At twenty-eight he became a member of the Legislature and began studying law. Here he first met Stephen A. Douglas, and began his anti-slavery work. At thirty-eight he went to Congress and made himself a complete master of the country's political history, his strong attachment to established principles preventing his at first joining the ultra-abolitionists party. As soon as his term was over, he returned to Springfield and practiced law. His views were at this time very pronounced regarding slavery.

But "Liberty, like a vestal goddess, had been waiting for a leader." She wanted one with an honest purpose. The prairies of Illinois held the man.

Continuing, Judge Driggs outlined the eventful scenes of the war, the emancipation proclamation. He described Lincoln going to Washington and receiving the empty treasury and the pilfered arsenals, and how the world watched and waited to see what this untried man would do and how he would serve.

This, said the orator, was a contest for freedom in the highest sense of the term. This was a pilgrimage, the like of which was never seen. Grant, the greatest general, saw the surrender. His troops marched in review at Washington. The weary and worn watcher on the citadel sought an hour of relaxation. He was killed, and his assassination is the wickedest and wildest tragedy ever accomplished in the world's history.

The history of Liberty can not be written without a list of its sacrifices. This man, this first American, laid down his life for honesty.

The orator concluded with a striking eulogy of Lincoln, and held him up as a high lesson for the young men of America. In closing, he said:

Abraham Lincoln lived not alone for this nation, but for liberty everywhere. He was brave, but not boastful. He was gentle and not weak. Wherever liberty is seen the life of Lincoln stands out in its highest peak above all the clouds and no darkness shall ever dim the window in which the light forever shines.





## CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

## CELEBRATION

Friday Evening, February 12th, 1892.

## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

Fantasie on National Airs,	Hecker
ELGIN MILITARY BAND.	
a. Invocation,	
b. "Lead, Kindly Light,"	Buck
APOLLO QUARTETTE.	
MARCH—"New Haven Grays,"	F. U. Haines
ELGIN MILITARY BAND.	
"La Benediction des Poignards"—"Huguenots,"	Meyerbeer
ELGIN MILITARY BAND.	
POLACCA—"Mignon,"	A. Thomas
MISS THEODORA PFAFFLIN.	
"O, Day of All Most Dear,"	Kreutzer
PREISCH GLEE CLUB.	
OVERTURE—"William Tell,"	Rossini
PROF. LOUIS FALK.	
"Farewell to the North"—"Frithjof,"	Max Bruch
MR. W. J. FAIRMAN, APOLLO QUARTETTE,	
PREISCH GLEE CLUB.	
"Frühlingslufte"—Valse,	Hecker
ELGIN MILITARY BAND.	
"Preghiera,"	Tosti
MISS THEODORA PFAFFLIN.	
a. "Mill Wheel,"	Old German
b. "Cobbler and the Crow,"	
PREISCH GLEE CLUB.	
"Spirit of the Wood,"	Abt
MISS PFAFFLIN AND APOLLO QUARTETTE.	
"AMERICA,"	
QUARTETTE, CHORUS AND AUDIENCE.	



Mr. W. P. McCabe read the concluding portion of Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural address and a poem which was read by John H. Bryant at Lincoln's tomb on the eighteenth anniversary of his assassination.

After arguing at some length against separation, Mr. Lincoln closes his address with an appeal to his fellow-citizens:

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it.

Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing, under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriotic grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

On the eighteenth anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, a poem was read at his grave by John H. Bryant, as follows:

Not one of all earth's wise and good  
Hath earned a purer gratitude  
Than the great soul whose hallowed dust  
This structure holds in sacred trust.

How fierce the strife that rent the land,  
When he was summoned to command;  
With what wise care he led us through  
The fearful storms that 'round us blew.

Calm, patient, hopeful, undismayed,  
He met the angry hosts arrayed  
For bloody war, and overcame  
Their haughty power in Freedom's name.

'Mid taunts and doubts, the bondsman's chain  
With gentle force he cleft in twain,  
And raised four million slaves to be  
The chartered sons of Liberty.

No debt he owed to wealth or birth;  
By force of solid, honest worth  
He climbed the topmost height of fame,  
And wrote thereon a spotless name.

Oh! when the felon hand laid low  
That sacred head, what sudden woe  
Shot to the nation's farthest bound,  
And every bosom felt the wound.

Well might the nation bow in grief,  
And weep above the fallen chief,  
Who ever strove, by word or pen,  
For "peace on earth, good will to men."

The people loved him, for they knew  
Each pulse of his large heart was true  
To them, to Freedom, and the right,  
Unswayed by gain, unawed by might.

This tomb, by loving hands up-piled  
To him, the merciful and mild,  
From age to age shall carry down  
The glory of his great renown.

As the long centuries onward flow,  
 As generations come and go,  
 Wide and more wide his fame shall spread,  
 And greener laurels crown his head,

And when this pile is fall'n to dust,  
 Its bronzes crumbled into rust,  
 Thy name, O Lincoln! still shall be  
 Revered and loved from sea to sea.

India's swart millions, 'neath their palms,  
 Shall sing thy praise in grateful psalms,  
 And crowds by Congo's turbid wave  
 Bless the good hand that freed the slave.

Shine on, O Star of Freedom, shine,  
 Till all the realms of earth are thine;  
 And all the tribes, through countless days,  
 Shall bask in thy benignant rays.

Lord of the nations! grant us still  
 Another patriot sage, to fill  
 The seat of power, and save the state  
 From selfish greed. For this we wait.

Hon. Hempstead Washburne, Mayor of Chicago, then introduced the orator of the evening.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** The history of civilization is marked by milestones which note the lives and services of great men. Every nation keeps alive the spirit of patriotism by the observance of certain days which have given to it victories, franchises or statesmen; which enable mankind to take a forward step in the march of progress. We preserve the memories of our forefathers by a national celebration of the day which gave to us our Declaration of Independence. Such observance of the day arouses the patriotism of youth and directs its attention to a history of struggle, hardship and danger which otherwise might be overlooked, and it recalls each year to an older generation the price of liberty and the necessity for never-ceasing watchfulness. To Independence Day we long ago added the birthday of Washington, the citizen, soldier and patriot.

To commemorate his worth stimulates love of country and a desire to emulate his great and unselfish example.

In our day and generation another patriot lived and died. He was of the people, for his infancy knew famine, want and hardship. His early life was spent earning his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. His education was obtained by the flickering light of the cabin fire. He launched into the sea of life armed only with an honest heart, an invincible purpose and a high resolve. He became the chief magistrate of a mighty nation. The hand hardened by the ax, the heart made firm by continual combat to live and softened by misfortune and want; the brain quickened by constant friction with the giants of his profession, prepared him for a crisis. When the nation's life hung in the balance, and when the hour called for a man, that man was forthcoming in the person of Abraham Lincoln. His services place him among a country's heroes, and to-day we celebrate his birth, not alone to testify our gratitude to his memory, but that our children may learn to love his name and worth. He lived, labored, served and died a typical American citizen, who from poverty, hardship and want reached the highest position in the gift of the people, and he died leaving behind him a name which shall be blessed by generations yet unborn. We are here to-night to listen to the story of his life from the lips of one whose oratory and whose pen equip him for patriotic duty. I have the pleasure now, therefore, to present to you the orator of the evening, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch.

Dr. Hirsch spoke as follows:

Among the many beautiful stories come to us from the Greeks, there is one whose peculiar charm has always impressed and attracted me. The children of that land where

"From skies of blue, soft blows the zephyr's breath,  
Still myrtle stands and high the laurel tree,"

loved youth above all other things, and hoped when wintry years silvered their locks with unwelcome snow-flakes, that by some wondrous power the fires of younger hearts might be rekindled within their chilled veins. They dreamt of springs that held the gift to smooth for old age the wrinkles into the beauty of youth; to restore to frames wasted the lithe limbs;

to hasten the sluggish blood again into the freer flow of the golden days of life's springtime. These Castalian wells to find is not given to the single individual. Be he Greek or be he German, come he from Asia's stretching plains or from the waving prairies of youthful America, ne'er yet has man bathed in those fabled waters, which, mocking time, set back the hands on life's limited dial. But nations, though oft they know it not, command access to those wonder-working springs. The memories with which their histories are vocal are dowered with the coveted power to keep the strength and courage, the fire and the fervor of youthful enthusiasm, safe from the wasting and contracting influence of increased years. That nation is old that cannot turn aside during the progress of the circling years from the whirl of dull toil and deadening task, to recall the great men who lived or died for commonwealth or the people, whether by the hundreds merely or the thousands, the yearly links of its independence are numbered on the chain of time; it totters to its burial. But the nation, though it may point back to a record reaching into the hoary mists of farthest antiquity, will be young forever under heavens passing away and decades increasing, that will gratefully and reverentially pilgrim, when the rolling years speed by the anniversary of death or birth of its great sons, to their graves, to think on and rehearse the story of their career, to remember the words they spoke, to relate the deeds they wrought.

Our American nation is not merely making history; it is beginning to become conscious and proud of its history. No longer is the taunt true, that this land cannot look out upon a wide ocean, across which against storm and calm the ship of state sailed triumphant. We have a past and we begin to appreciate it; to it we may go for inspiration, for that renewal of strength which the Greeks dreamt of as lying hidden in the watery folds of the robe worn by the Castalian nymphs. The past is both weight and wing; it retards and it quickens. It is the root which anchors firmly the growing trunk. From the soil did mythical giants draw their stupendous strength. So do the giant nations; they cannot leap into air and maintain themselves as do the birds in the vast sea whose waves are the winds, whose calms are the clouds. But if history merely arrests and checks the impatient hope of further growth, it is fraught with great evils. The European nations have felt the burden of their historical associations; we have been enabled to stride ahead by leaps and bounds, because no hand stretched out from a grave of days long gone by, clutched at a chain fettering our feet. But on the other hand, the stimulating force of historical recollections is clearly one

of the supreme needs of healthy national development. The day which is, distracts and divides; the memory of the day which was, brings together and unites. The issues still unsettled kindle the fury of passion, which leads apart; the problems solved in years remote, the battles fought, the victories won, the conflicts decided in years ended, weave those bonds which bind into one and hold fast in unity the children of those who in their day were arrayed in hostile camps. Providence has been exceedingly kind to our dear American people. It has so ordered things that within the brief space of one month, the voice of the past may speak of the birth of the two greatest among the men who illumine the pages of American history. Separated merely by the interval of ten days, occur the anniversaries of the birth of the two best and purest souls to whom humanity, regardless of the limitations of nationality, race or creed, can point. The 22d day of February has long been dear to the heart of the American people. To its suggestions it turned when weary or care-beset, and never has it been disappointed in the hope that from its inspiration it would gain strength, renew its youth and lay by new courage. It was a happy thought to beautify the garden of historical recollections with another rose. Washington, the founder and father, presented one scene which needed the pendant picture of him who was the preserver of that patrimony, which from the fathers had come. You of this council, whose standard is emblazoned with the glorious name of the martyred president, may indeed feel a peculiar pride in the circumstance. Largely to your efforts it is due that the birthday of Lincoln in this city was raised to a higher significance; that our state is the first to invest the 12th day of February with the character of a legal holiday. The very closeness of Lincoln's to Washington's birthday emphasizes a lesson, the far-reaching import of which cannot fail to impress itself upon us all. The American nation had inherited a large and noble estate. Wealth inherited is often as great a drawback as it is an advantage. Greater means always entail a greater responsibility; larger opportunities lead always up to larger obligations. The nation might have become a spendthrift, and the fatal consequences would not have tarried to appear. In very fact, we know it, that for many critical years our people drew very near to the edge of a precipice where yawned a frightful abyss, into which in our blindness we were ready to rush, into which the passions and prejudices which seemed destined to divide a people sprung from a common ancestry, and destined to fulfill a common historical mission, were threatening to hurl us. The twelfth day of this month recalls the name of him who is

the greatest star in that constellation of men who were instrumental in saving our nation from disruption; who arrested the heedless rush toward the gaping chasm, and turned aside the chariot of our progress into the glorious path of a larger freedom, of a stronger national union. By the light of the events so fresh in our memory, the verdict is warranted that greater is he who preserved than he who founded our national institutions.

Shall we in the fullness on this assurance, stop to excuse the spirit in which we have hallowed to a new meaning this day, the birthday of Lincoln? Let those that must, cavil, that we have a surfeit of hero worship; that men after all are too prone to raise to the high pedestal of almost divinity those who in the flesh were scarce more than common dust. What of it, if not as they were, with all the limitations of weakness and failings, in actual life, these men to whom we bring the tribute of affectionate remembrance, come back to us on the wings of these enthusiastic memories? Let it be conceded that enthusiasm of any kind enlarges the proportions of its idols. He who is a true artist cannot chisel his statue in the exact and mathematically correct lines of prosy reality. The poetic frenzy, whatever the material through which it becomes manifest, be it in words, be it in colors, be it through the chaste eloquence of marble, sees a "light that never was on sea or land," feels a "consecration and the poet's dream;" under its rays and promises the petty measures of life are laid aside; the noble standards of the divine are asked to be carried out on gigantic scales of ideal justice and truth. What matters it that to-night an ideal Lincoln looms up before our vision? He is sprung of one real Lincoln that erst walked on earth, and worked on earth, that suffered among men and died for men; that was manly among the manly, the sheet anchor of safety when the ship of state was tossed by the angry storms, the American among Americans; the savior of his people in time of dire need. Rather a larger Lincoln than life knew, than no Lincoln! Rather exuberance of enthusiasm on a day like this, than stifled and stifling silence! Infinitely to be preferred is the blindness of a love which impels to follow the beckoning hand toward the heights and wreathes in a halo of transfiguration the homely face and figure, to that chill indifference of cold, calculating temperament which weaves before eyes a veil so thick as to shut out the twinkling stars, which it would quench to sweep into darkness the mind, which unable to remember cannot but forget. The fatality, if fatality it be, which compels man to be forever a worshiper of heroes, is not a curse, it is a blessing. Worship we must.

Some erect altars to gold; others to success. Some bow down before the conqueror who is loth to sheathe the bloody sword; others kiss those Promethean hands that defy the gods and bring to earth the creative spark so long jealously withheld by the Olympians from their mortal subjects. It is the artist to whom brittle marble or unwilling sounds must pay the tribute of subjection, before whom other men burn incense; or it is the angel's face bending over the wasted frame of a plague-stricken sufferer, which types for some the highest triumph of human frailty. Worship we must; none goes through life without fixing his eyes to a higher point toward which he would rise. The all-important difference, then, lies in the object, and not in the act idolizing process. Happy the nation that raises to the pantheon such men as Washington and Lincoln. Happy we, whose great heroes are great in war, but greater still in peace. Happy we, who may look up to a galaxy, where if single stars blaze out with intenser light, they are always accompanied by numerous clusters of others built of the same cosmic dust and shining with the same light. Happy the nation for whom Washington is but the first of a very congress of great men, his name at once recalling Franklin, Patrick Henry, Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Morris, and all the other aids and sturdy helpers of the first president of the United States. Our Lincoln stands for a whole generation of patriotic greatness; his fame wakes to words the glory of a Grant, this great captain, who concentrated his creed in that immortal phrase, "Let us have peace;" as Lincoln rises before our eyes we behold with him a Sherman, Sheridan, Chase and Seward, Stanton and Stevens, yea, forever trestled by his greatness, is also his great opponent, our townsman Douglas. God in his mercy has given the American people much. He has cast around us the bastions of the brine, affording natural protection against foreign invasion, and warranting us liberty of movement without hamper of foreign interference; He has spread before us the almost unbounded stretches of the prairies, willing to give to us the richest of their fat, the juiciest of their fruit; He has threaded this land with the silver streams linking lakes to the gulf; He has built for us those granite storehouses of saved solar light; the mountains sheltering the black diamonds, that need but be set free to move for us the busy spindles, the giant wheels of the mill, and set agoing the waiting looms. He has planted for us forests; He has placed at our service gold and silver, iron and copper; He has, in brief, made true in this land of the setting sun, His promise to the children of Israel to give unto them a land flowing with milk and honey. But greater than all these boons, and

more priceless than all these possessions, are the memories which the God of nations has granted to this our American people.

Lincoln's birthday signifies much more than a mere sentiment. If Washington's birthday opens for us that volume of our history which records what the eastern colonies, the first states skirting the Atlantic ocean, have accomplished; what their spirit contributed to our national wealth; Lincoln's anniversary symbolizes what the West has wrought, how the West has supplemented the productions of the East, yea, given them a wider scope, and therefore a truer possibility. It was the West and its needs; it was the West and its passionate love for freedom; it was the West and its impatient race with the sun toward his setting; it was western life, western energy, western push; it was western ambition, western thirst for new territory, its desire to become master of the hidden treasures bedded in the soil; it was the West swinging the ax and pushing the plow, bridging rivers, tunneling mountains, defying swamps and clearing the timbered woodlands, sowing the wheat and planting the corn;—in one word, it was the young West that precipitated that conflict which forever has made memorable Abraham Lincoln's administration. And as it was the West which, in its passion for freedom, in its fear that the children might be deprived of the ungarnered harvest waiting for them in the new territories, had pointed the issue, it required a western man—western to the core—to bear the brunt of that conflict, and to carry out the struggle to victory. Therefore, much more than mere sentiment underlies the act of our last legislature, which places the twelfth day of February on one footing with its twenty-second day. It is a demonstration emphasizing the part played in the destinies of our nation, by the western states, which is in fitting harmony with the thoughts involved in the public celebration of the birthday of him who was the greatest among those of eastern origin, who laid the foundations of our national life.

In holding thus this to be the true intent of this day's commemoration, we are not eager, not ready to disparage what we owe to George Washington and his times. The fathers laid the foundations deep and strong; they built wiser than they knew. Our constitution is a master-work of political wisdom. It insures stability and at the same time flexibility. It is conservative and yet opens the possibility for progress. It organizes a national government which is but the apex of a pyramid, sloping to its point from the broader basis of home rule. The townships, the cities, the

counties, the states, under our constitution, are independent, and yet interdependent. The constitution of our United States is a marvel of ingenuity; no other document of its kind is at one and the same time so broad and yet so deep. It is carried by a spirit of conciliatory compromises, it is a series of checks warranting freedom of action under limitations, and assuring to all factors their due but defined influence. This, and much more, do we owe to the fathers and founders. But the peculiarly undeveloped industrial condition by which they were surrounded, had led to their toleration under the stars and stripes, of a social institution which bodied only ill for the future generations. Slavery was an evil degrading to the slave owner and the slave alike. As the years rolled by it developed into an octopus threatening to drain dry the very life fluid of a healthful national development. The constitution guaranteed liberty, but, alas, not liberty for all. It was pillared on the rights of man, but from the fellowship of the common humanity were excluded human beings made by the same God who had made those that were free. The pursuit of happiness, the self-determining control over life, was a fundamental principle of our political system, but happiness was not to be for the slave whose life was not his own. Local self government under these conditions, was twisted into a justification, or at least into a semblance of legality of such glaring inconsistencies. The new industrial life, which with the settling of the Northwest opened the promise of the new-born future, demanded freedom of labor. The maiden fields of the West, ready to yield the very staff of life, were not to be blighted by the sighs of human beings under the lash, picking the cotton in the broiling Southern sun. King cotton, the monarch of the South, arrogantly boasting that upon his dominion depended England's factories, and therefore the commerce of New England and of the Middle States, was not to wield his accursed scepter over the broad prairies destined to revolutionize our country's position in the exchange of commodities in the markets of the world. The West could not consent that the unopened store-house of national energy should be made tributary to the wasted cotton fields of slave-cursed and slave-cursing South. The western cities, children of the railroads, were finding new industries, while the unbounded acies by which they were fringed soon proved insufficient to supply the bread for the wants of those that turned the throttle or sped the shuttle. The West needed room; it could not arrest its progress by hampering the march westward, by the brakes of a social institution which God never had instituted.

The material wants merely reflected an ideal indignation. The men of Lincoln's generation prized indeed the diamond of American liberty, but they felt most painfully that, as yet, it had not been polished to its full lustre. Some of the facets were not as sharply ground as they might be. Their sacrifice, their loyalty, their self-forgetfulness, were required to crown the fathers' work. And if to-day the fillet which binds the flowing curls of the Goddess of Liberty, has a diamond which no royal crown can display, it is due to Lincoln and Seward, Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, Meade and Hancock. These men remade our land and remodeled our constitution by realizing its promise. No longer was this the land of the free and the home of the slave; they transformed it into "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

It was in our state, in Illinois, that the first clear notes were sounded in this great battle. There had been before the muttering sounds predicting the gathering of the storm. New England cities had winced under the lash of a Garrison and a Wendell Phillips. American poets had sung the fate of poor blind Samson, and an American woman had opened "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and compelled unwilling men and women to shudder at the miseries which she exposed before their eyes. In Congress the issue had oft been the unwelcome specter, and many had been the futile attempts by palliative measures and compromises to keep it shut out from the ken of the citizens, and to draw its venomous teeth. But the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Dred-Scott case, the fugitive slave's cry for help, Kansas and Nebraska were symptoms whose command none but the indolent, and whose other consequences none but the insolent could affect to disregard. And it was in our state that the alternative was most clearly put. Lincoln was a candidate for the senatorial seat of our state in Washington. Honest "Old Abe," despising the temporizing trickery of a low politician, put the whole matter in a nut-shell, when, disregarding all the counsels of his timid supporters, he said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states—old as well as new, north as well as south." This was indeed "A shout

from the watch-tower of history." His friends advised modification of this utterance. But Lincoln, though knowing that his opponent, Douglas, might in consequence win the senatorial honors, would not yield. He said: "I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people, than be victorious without them." Lincoln was not afraid when Douglas at once seized the point of this declaration and interpreted it as a challenge for a relentless sectional war; he continued to ring the changes on the noble sentiment, that slavery was wrong. Lincoln had faith in his people. He had trust in the justice of the cause of freedom. He lost the senatorship, but won the presidency. It was when occupying the White House that his qualifications as a genuine statesman most brilliantly became manifest. In his inaugural he pleaded for union. He insisted that all the children under one flag, of common parents, must be friends, and not enemies. In the councils of his own party, opinions were far from unanimous; it fell to his lot to harmonize discordant elements, to conciliate disappointed ambitions. With a tact that rarely has been equalled, and a consummate skill that has never been excelled, he succeeded in gathering round him the very men who with him had been before the national Republican convention as possible banner-bearers of the Republican principles in the impending presidential campaign. These were men better known throughout the land than he had been. They were men of considerable ability; statesmen who had won their spurs and earned their laurels both in congress and state legislatures. But so strong was the personality of Lincoln, that while to each of his constitutional advisers he left free scope in his department, he became the very sun of the system, around which the other planets revolved with unbroken precision and regularity. But he did more. Many of his ardent supporters were disappointed in him. They had expected that Lincoln, who as a youth had expressed his indignation at the degradation of the slaves; who as a member of the state legislature had gone on record at a time when but few men would have had the courage so openly to express themselves, as a persistent opponent of the institution; who as a member of congress had voted for the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia; who as a candidate for the senatorship of his state had struck the keynote of the whole conflict, would at once take such measures as would sunder the fetters which bound four millions of human beings. The disinclination of Lincoln to act hastily did not spring from the timidity of a small soul. Its root was the sagacity of a far-sighted statesman. As president it

was his sworn duty to avoid everything that might lend a semblance of just pretext to the enemies of the union. As long as it was possible for him to remain true to his interpretation of his oath upon taking office, he kept in abeyance what he called his private abstract judgment on the material question of slavery. But when the destruction of slavery became an immediate necessity in the war for the union, he hesitated no longer. The victory of Antietam, a rare ray of sunshine in the gloom of disaster following upon disaster, was won on September the 17th, 1862, and five days thereafter Lincoln issued his preliminary emancipation proclamation. On that day he won the crown as the liberator of the slave.

It is not too much to claim that the 22d day of September marks the turning point in the war for union and freedom. The cause was lifted at once to a nobler bearing. The stars and stripes should wave over an undivided union in which no human being should be deprived henceforth of the right to pursue happiness, to enjoy liberty and life. Though the military operations immediately after this act of the president did not portend the ultimate victory, and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville cast their deep shadows, Vicksburg and Gettysburg announced the dawn of a new day, the noon tide of which unfolded its full glory when at Appomattox courthouse the generosity of the victor robbed the defeat of his valiant enemy of the pointed sting. Call to your aid the wings of imagination if you would understand what a burden our president must have borne during these fearful years, writing their record with a pen steeped in blood, and wetting the pages with bitter tears, recalling cowardice and deception, treason and selfishness, but also singing the song which never shall be forgotten, of loyalty and patriotism, the like of which the world has never seen. He was distrusted by the men of his own party; he was blamed for whatever went wrong; he was scarce understood by the people and more than suspected by the politicians. He had to pacify the jealousies of generals; he was beset by difficulties which well might have paralyzed the greatest financier, the most gifted marshal, the deepest constitutional lawyer, if in his respective field one of these had been confronted by such troublesome problems; and he had to grapple with all these varied troubles combined; he who had only been captain of a company, guided now the movements of an army counting millions; he who had been but a country lawyer now decided constitutional questions of the gravest import; and he who, perhaps, had never been engaged in any great financial operation, had now to create credit and currency

for a nation, that had but few friends in the European moneied centers. But it seemed that, as the difficulties increased, so also did his power to meet them. What man of royal birth destined in the cradle to rule over millions and trained by masters of all the arts that enter into the science of government, did ever carry such a load as did this man risen from the lowest stratum of a democratic society? He fought not for a dynasty; he worked and planned, and thought and considered that might be saved that government, which, as he himself has called it, "is and shall be a government of the people, by the people and for the people." These four years of stupendous labor and sacrifice have not their equal in the annals of time. All history shows no ruler standing on as high a pinnacle of well-deserved glory as does occupy our martyred president, Abraham Lincoln. What of the princes and the kings? Name them as they are fabled in song, and famed in rhyme; admire the wealth of their inherited jewels, and become dazzled at the splendor of their royal pomp and pageantry! Has the crown of England a gem whose lustre will not pale before this single name—a mere American citizen, born in poverty, reared amidst squalor, struggling with pinched want during his earliest years, hungering in body, hungering in mind, and hungering in the heart, but with a fire burning within him which impels him at every moment to reach out after higher things, which gives him the strength to scale the rounds of the ladder leading from lowliness to the seat among the princes of the earth? This American country lawyer, the untrained member of the Illinois State Legislature, the attorney and citizen of the capital of this state, then a member of Congress, candidate for senatorial honors, the disputant with Stephen A. Douglas, the candidate of the Republican party, the president-elect of this nation, the statesman, the strategist, the financier, the counsellor, the leader of the greatest men our nation has ever produced during four years of a struggle of such stupendous proportions, with such new problems to grapple with as never before the world has passed through, the martyred president laid low by the assassin's bullet, when at last victory had been won—where is that man in ancient or in modern times who can be named in one breath with him? The clustered jewels in the diadems of royalty cannot be compared with this single star, a world of brilliancy in itself, our own immortal Abraham Lincoln.

Ere over France, a little more than one hundred years ago, the storm cloud burst which swept away her rotten feudal system and laid under the executioner's ax the heads of both her king and queen, there had been many voices who,

like unto the petral's black winged flight, indicated the coming of the tempest. Among these none rang out with greater murmuring than did that of unhappy Rousseau. One of his odes, that on glory, this word so dear to every Frenchman's heart, set to rhyme the artificial pretensions of kings whose throne is pedestaled on the murder and misery of their subjects, but whose heroism vanishes the moment misfortune wrests the purple from off their shoulders, and exposes their common manhood in unpitied nudity. Sings he: \*

Sense reft judges that men are,  
They burn incense to the knighted;  
Does then distress, deep and far,  
Fashion glory, though unrighted?  
Could then glory, mis'ry breeding,  
Without gore, to pillage leading,  
Last one moment's briefest span?  
Must the thunder's clap and lightning,  
Must the storm, with ruin affright'ning  
Into blaze their greatness fan?

Show us warriors, ye large hearted,  
All your virtue's broad day light,  
How you bear, when luck departed  
Turns to rout the strong fought fight,  
When good fortune's smile's upon you,  
From earth wrest you the master's due.  
But with failure's dire persuasion  
Drops the mask; without evasion  
Naked man stands forth; the hero's gone.

Our Lincoln was tried in the school of disaster. The man loomed up all the higher.

Those men are greatest, who not merely speak to and of their nation and time, but hold something for the whole world to appreciate. Washington is not merely a great

\* Juges insenses que nous sommes,  
Nous admirons de tels exploits;  
Est-ce donc le malheur des hommes  
Qui fait la vertu des grands rois?  
Leur gloire, feconde en ruines,  
Sans le meurtre et sans les rapines  
Ne saurait-elle subsister?  
Images des dieux sur la terre,  
Est-ce par des coups de tonnerre  
Que leur grandeur doit eclater?

Montrez-nous, guerriers magnanimes,  
Votre vertu dans tout son jour;  
Voyons comment vos coeurs sublimes  
Du sort soutiendront le retour.  
Tant que sa faveur vous seconde  
Vous etes les maîtres du monde;  
Mais au moindre revers funeste,  
Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,  
Et le heros s'évanouit.

American. His greatness belts the earth. Our Lincoln is not merely our great statesman, the great son of this great land; he types the highest nobility which God has ever given to humanity. On the very same day that he was born, in London another babe beheld the light of day. In the silent seclusion of the study, this man brought new knowledge to his generation. His fame has traveled to the farthest confines of the globe; wherever thoughtful men to-day are striving after truth, the torch which he held aloft will first be asked to light the path. This babe born on one day with our Lincoln,—Charles Darwin is his name,—has emphasized the kinship of the human race with all creation beneath and before man. This is not the place either to dispute or to defend the fundamental message of the great British naturalist. But, does it not seem almost a providential coincidence, that the man who did more than anyone else to connect with brute life the life of humanity, should have been born on the same day with Abraham Lincoln, whose life is the most telling illustration of those powers which no animal owns, which man alone is dowered with,—the powers that lift up man above his surroundings, the influences of his home, that make, in fact, man the builder of his own character, the utilizer of his own opportunities? Yea, that man, for all his physical affinity with brute worlds, is of higher mold than mere dust, is proclaimed by none more strongly than by our own Abraham Lincoln. And again, not what he became makes him so illustrious, as what he remained. America is opportunity. We are familiar with the stories of the great men risen from the valleys to the Alps. We are conversant with the career of our generals, our statesmen, our presidents, most of whom in their early youth had to follow vocations which we count menial. None of them remembered the days of his youth so willingly as did Abraham Lincoln. In the White House he was the same man as he was when he split the historic rails. He was without presumption or arrogance; he withheld from none the warm touch of his hand. In his lank and overgrown frame beat a heart as wide as the country that he had sworn to save. He whose official duty it was to send to bloody fray hundreds of thousands of men, had a soul spun of the tenderest chords of sympathy. When the fate of a deserter court-martialed to be shot, waited upon his final decision, sleep would flee from his weary eyes. He, upon whom weighed the concerns of a nation fighting for its very life, found ever time to console the widows or to cheer the wounded in the hospitals. He whom princes addressed as their friend, remained in every detail a man of the people, proud to belong to the people,

feeling with the people. President of the United States, master of the tersest English, and the writer of a style so clear and so concise, gifted with an eloquence of which Demosthenes might well have become envious, he was not ashamed to speak the dialect of the backwoods villages, and illustrate, even in the most fateful moments, his argument by some apt story or other. He remained true to himself, true to his friends. The *man* Lincoln eclipses even the President Lincoln. He will be loved and honored by all who have understanding for the genuine essence of true manhood ; he will live in the affections of all true men, when perhaps the greater deeds of the greatest generals on battle-fields will be forgotten ; when the glory of many a central sun around which the planet circled will have been clouded in the mists of oblivion. America has given to the world many a true man ; among them Lincoln is indeed the greatest. He is a monument to our civilization, which can make of the backwoods boy a president, shaming in his sagacity the kings born to the purple, and vying in renown with the greatest men that ever time did fashion. With the sentiments of the prophets will forever be quoted his words, hallowing the graves of the soldiers who fell on the hotly contested cemetery of Gettysburg, so touching in their appeal and so tender in their simplicity : "with malice toward none, with charity toward all." And when this man fell at his post of duty, the whole world paused and wept. Kings felt that one was lost who was more than a peer of theirs. The nation mourned. In the cities and in the hamlets, in the palaces and in the hovels, was heard the plaint, he is no more. When in New York, on that memorable morning, with faces beclouded by sorrow, careworn and anxious, men gathered, scarce daring to speak their fears as to the coming day, it was one who was to become the successor of Lincoln, like him to be sent to his untimely grave by the bloody hand of a knave, who in one brief phrase summed up the work of honest "Old Abe" ; "Lincoln is dead," said Garfield. "but the Union still lives." Yea, this man, whom the weary, tramping soldiers called their father Abraham, cemented in his death once more the bonds of that fraternity, which shall hold in one embrace of loyalty, all the children of this great land of liberty. He was the last sacrifice demanded in the sacred cause of union and freedom. When he fell, well may have those who knew him best, been disconsolate. The people at large were disturbed. The loss seemed irreparable ; but we, after the lapse of years, turning back, cannot but feel that it was providential that he did die as he did. He ascended heavenward as did the prophet of old, in a golden

chariot of fire, and his disciple, the nation at large upon whom his mantle fell, looked up to the heights to which he had gone, and exclaimed: "Father, father, the chariot of Israel and its horsemen." He ascended to the realms of immortality, carried upward by a flame of fire, but in his death he sealed a new covenant of love, which to-day binds together both those that wore the gray and those that wore the blue. To-day our flag floats over one country, one union; one freedom. May that flag float on forever. Its stars shine out in the darkness of despotism, beacons of hope wherever human beings are crushed and downtrodden, wherever shackles of slaves are clanking! May its stripes stream out like the forerunner of the rising sun to herald to the world that the mists of slavery are lifted and the day of freedom is here. Lincoln died for this flag, let us live for it. Washington planted it, Lincoln preserved it. Let us be true to the great heritage of the fathers. Each one as far as in him lies in his sphere, must remember that that which the fathers planted and the sons preserved, we the grandsons enjoy, merely to enrich it and to enlarge it, and to become worthy of it. America, land of freedom, washed by the blood of martyred presidents, America, hope of humanity, star of the morning, sing thy song, "To-day a child was born unto us, a son was given unto us. Upon him was the dominion, his name was great counsellor, mighty in deed, witness of the great Father in heaven; Prince of Peace!" For in this Biblical description of Israel's ideal son, America, thou mayest well breathe thine appreciation of thine own son, immortal Abraham Lincoln.

## THE AUDITORIUM.

## CELEBRATION.

*Monday Evening, February 13th, 1893.*

## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE—Tannhäuser,	Wagner
CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.	
a. Invocation,	
b. Vive l'Amerique,	Millard
APOLLO QUARTETTE.	
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2,	Liszt
CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.	
JEWEL SONG—Faust,	Gounod
MISS THEODORA PFAFFLIN.	
Hybrias the Cretan,	Elliott
MR. J. ALLEN PREISCH.	
a. Walter's Prize Song—Meistersinger,	Wagner
b. Elfentanz,	Popper
MR. MAX BENDIX AND ORCHESTRA.	
a. The Bird's Question,	Abt
b. Spirit of the Woods,	Abt
MISS PFAFFLIN AND QUARTETTE.	
BALLET MUSIC—Sylvia,	Delibes
CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.	
a. "Du bist wie eine Blume,"	Rubinstein
b. Les filles de Cadiz,	Delibes
MISS THEODORA PFAFFLIN.	
WALTZ—Wine, Women and Song,	Johann Strauss
CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.	



Address by Hon. Luther Laflin Mills:

Sacredly conspicuous in the calendar of the Nation is this day of remembrance and reverence, when the old age and youth of the country, standing in the edifice of a great history, bow in homage before its greatest hero. Into the story of the Republic, from 1861 to 1865, patriotism does well to enter, there to find for instruction and example and manly worship, the manliest of Americans, the highest type of American citizenship, the central figure of this American century—Abraham Lincoln. We breathe to-night the atmosphere of a glorious epoch: we hold reverential communion with its loftiest spirit.

The ridicule and rancor, the passions of politics, and the fierce partisanship which assailed him during his short life of leadership, exhausted themselves almost within their day, and each year as it goes serves but to exalt in the estimation of mankind his character and work.

The judgment of time, which is the fairest critic, has already shown to be colossal, him who was once called commonplace, and raised the humble citizen of the republic to the standard of the heroic.

The honor we offer to his memory is only our spontaneous accord with the calm conclusions of historic criticism; our enthusiasm is but an ardent expression of the world's conservative thinking.

This Lincoln Day is for us, for our teaching, inspiring, strengthening. It is no ordinary holiday, but a solemn, earnest time for thought and hope and promise. To this day we come as to an ancient shrine; to this great man as to a Moses of his people. Our theme is broader than biography. Every school-boy knows the dates and deeds of Lincoln. There is not a home in the land whose fire-light has not illumined for the eye of age and childhood, the printed pages of his birth, his life, his death; the scholar in his philosophy, the man of action, the high and low, everywhere the old and young know by heart, the details of the book of this man's life. The record of his career is the common literature of the country. For twenty-five years in all lands gifted speech has proclaimed him; the writers of history have recounted his events; the pen of poetry has sketched his virtues. In all the line of leadership, Lincoln's life is the great familiar fact in the American mind. Thus does he have his tribute from the people.

We contemplate, for one brief moment, Abraham Lincoln in the largeness of his attributes; his general influence on mankind. This is an old contemplation, but it wears like truth; it is never threadbare; it is like a lofty story of morals or religion, which constantly assumes a fascinating newness for our faith and interest.

In his mentality he shone in judgment, common sense, consistency, persistence, knowledge of men.

In his words he was candid and frank, but accurate and concise, speaking sturdy Anglo-Saxon unadorned, powerful in its simplicity and the subdued enthusiasm of earnest thought.

In his sentiments he was kind and patient and brave. No leader ever more completely combined in his personality the graces of gentleness with rugged determination.

In his morals, Truth was his star; Honesty the vital air of his living. In his religion he was faithful as a saint; Providence was his stay; he walked with God.

As President, his life and declarations were a constant sermon. The solemn air which colored this man's career was the pathos of faith. No man has lived in high station in America by whom the religious fact was more regarded.

He was more than a politician, as the word is used. His plans were based on his convictions of the right and his belief in the correctness of men's ultimate judgments, and the conscience of the people inspiring them.

Publicly, he was a diplomat, who with keenest analysis corrected the state papers of a great premier; a man of military genius, who changed the plans of generals, and successfully modified theories of campaigns. In his leadership he marched with his people; kept step with his soldiers; his cabinet was the country.

Fundamentally, the two vital characteristics of Abraham Lincoln were his love of men and his faith in God. Poverty had schooled him to pity, and taught the general equality of all mankind. He hated human slavery, and in Illinois, a half century ago, made protest against it as a barbarism; he longed for its destruction, and gladly seized the legal occasion for making free the four millions of American slaves.

His faith in God was persistent as his life. No defeat of an army, nor what seemed at times a loss of popular confidence, nor most threatening dangers for the nation, could sweep him from that anchor.

If asked what deep impress was made by Abraham Lincoln on what is called the politics of the country, we point to the remembered lessons, the permeating example of his honesty, the religious sense of right which animated him, his

confidence in the people, and his patience for them to reach his righteous level, and his constant fidelity to principle and to the men who helped him maintain it. His lofty ideas of nationality and liberty and Providence lifted politics to the heights of patriotism and human rights.

If asked what lasting impress the attributes and career of this great man have made on human life, we point to his universal recognition and tribute of mankind. The judgments and hearts of men in all lands proclaim the power of his influence. Look abroad and find, if you can, a character in this century whose precept and example did more among men to magnify kindness and the simple humanities. The very passions of war, its hostilities and hate, were alleviated by the paternal and generous sentiments of the president, whose constant personal tenderness in private walk and public declaration kept in the heart of the country the treasure of charity.

Treason itself, at the last, when conquered by patriotism, lamented the death of him in whose magnanimity it had hoped. To the influence of Lincoln shaping the generous sentiments of the North in the national victory of 1865, the New South of this day must proclaim her gratitude. He taught that the passion of war should not linger in the presence of peace.

Abraham Lincoln was the vindication of poverty. He gave glory to the lowly. In the light of his life the cabin became conspicuous; the commonest toil no longer common, and the poor man's hardship a road to honor. It put shame on the prejudice of wealth and birth, and dignity on common manhood. The poor received from him inspiring hope; he taught the humblest youth that there was for him a path to power.

What were his achievements? He rose by the force of his peculiar attributes from the lowliest station to the highest place, hewing his path by patient resolution and unaided by the ordinary helps of family and wealth.

Beyond the limits of his own state he forced acknowledgment of his strength; from a great political party of intellect and statesmanship, won honor in a marvelous historic debate, wherein were involved vital questions of the republic; by his skill, his knowledge of the country and its politics, his comprehension of the national situation and crisis, his accuracy and prudence of expression raised himself conspicuous beyond Illinois, and throughout the North made men think of him as a leader long before he was chosen.

An untried man, unlettered in statecraft, not trained in diplomacy nor familiar by experience with the larger methods

of government, elected the head of the nation in its most perilous period, when the spirit of rebellion was already defiant in the land, the national legislature resounding with senatorial treason, the very Capitol breathing an air of hostility to patriotism—Lincoln took the helm of the government.

What need to tell to men this day the story of our Captain in the four years' peril of the ship of state; of his steady hand, his constant courage, his midnight prayer, his eye on the stars and his faith in God!

What need, when among us there still remain with fresh memory of the dangerous voyage, men who were sailors at the mast under our Captain, or mates of the ship; when heroes of that stormy time live to add glory to a day like this!

Lincoln's knowledge of human character, his discrimination as to men's capacities, displayed from the appointment of the ministers in his first cabinet to the end of his presidency, were Napoleonic in their success.

Personal feeling or prejudice swayed him not; his selections and his support of them came from a wise brain inspired by a patriotic heart. Thus around him were gathered such lieutenants as the great secretaries in the civic government, Seward, Stanton, Chase and men like these; in the war, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, Porter—and all those splendid spirits to whom and to whose comrades, titled and untitled, living and dead, we give homage as to the saviors of the republic.

Finally, the chief glory of Abraham Lincoln among men, the deed of his life most expressive of his personality, of his justice, of his humanity, of his yielding to the guidance of God, was the conspicuous act of the century, the freeing of the slaves.

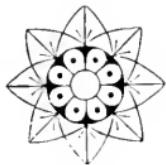
Consider it as you may, the result of conditions and the answer to a demand; regard it as you will, the conscience that met the call of country and humanity and the hand that gladly and bravely framed the warrant of freedom, were the conscience and the hand of one among the million.

He struck the iron from bondage and bade a race stand free.

He placed his hand on four million human faces and bade them look aloft; his paternal eye inspired four million human minds with dream and hope and high resolve for better life; his words went sun-like into the darkness of a whole people, and for them illuminated a mighty future. He touched, with a proclamation, a chord of human nature which went beyond the continent, went through all lands the whole

world round, went through the hearts of all the sons of men, and whose grateful music, grander far than the melodies of the old Hebraic in the Jubilee, is the honoring and rejoicing Hallelujah of mankind.

Therefore, we stand in the presence of the character of Abraham Lincoln, honoring his memory and reverent to God for the creation of such a manhood.









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